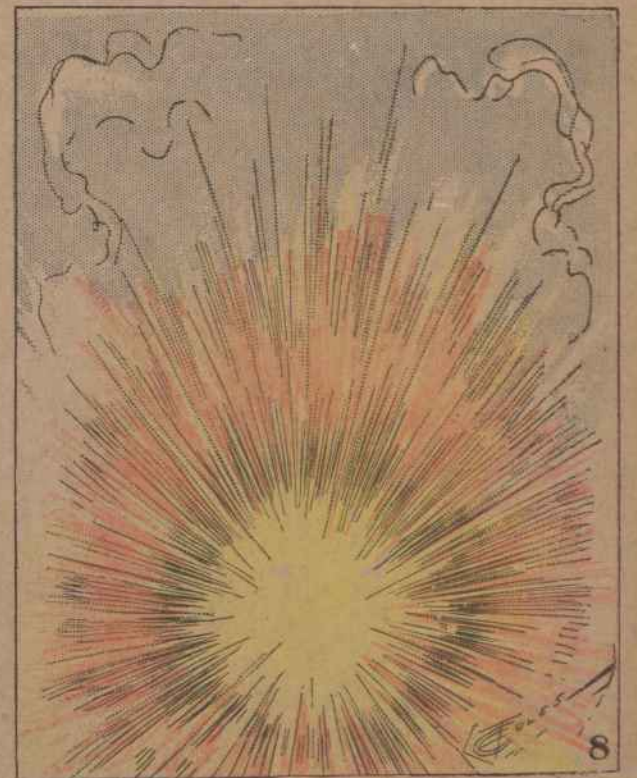
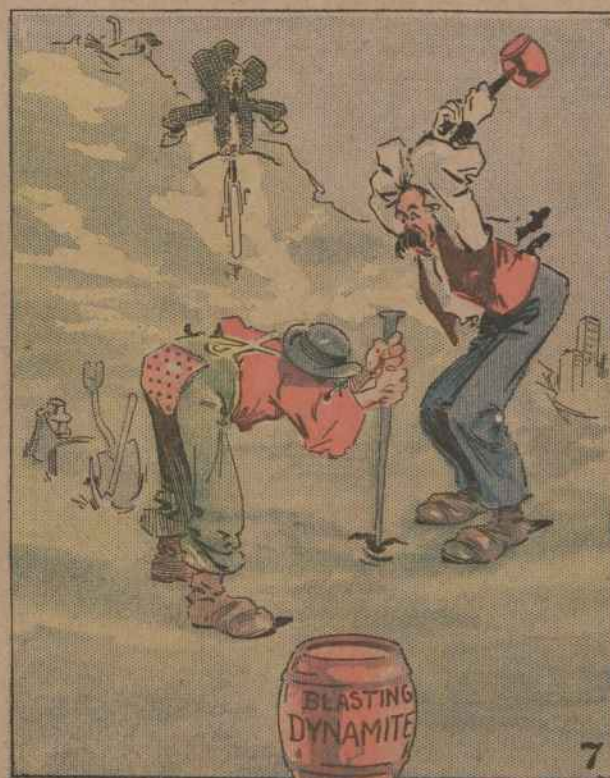
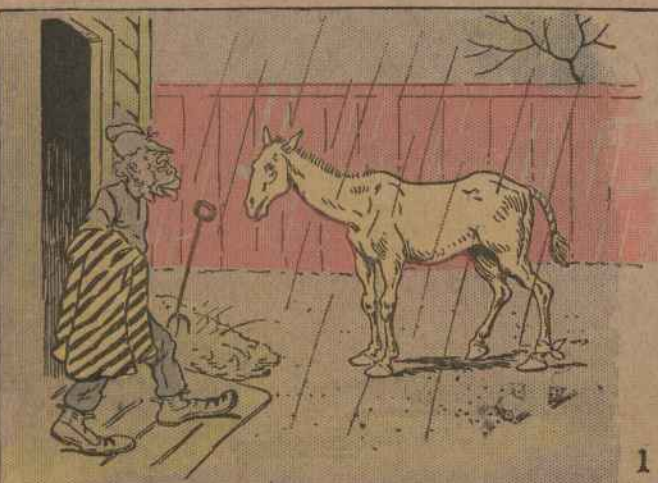


# MR. CASEY'S BICYCLE—A TRAGEDY IN EIGHT SCENES.



## HOW AN ACT OF KINDNESS BROUGHT UNCLE JOHNSING A MINT OF MONEY.

## THINGS YOU WOULD NEVER DREAM.



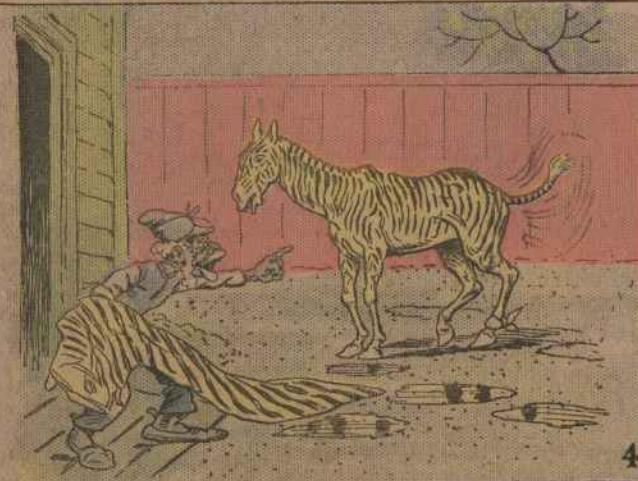
"Dis horse ain't worth de bodder puttin' a blanket on."



"Dere Bony, I guess dat will keep you dry."



"Gotter take it off again — You'se mo' bodder den a baby."



"Golly! Git on ter de Zebra!! I knows what I'll do."



"I'll jest fetch him to dat Museum and —"



dis nigger don't scold nor do chores no more."



YOU WOULD NEVER DREAM, TO SEE THIS YOUNG INDIAN WARRIOR ENJOYING THE WILD LIFE IN THE GAME-INFESTED FORESTS OF THE ROCKIES.



THAT HE WOULD GO TO COLLEGE AND COME BACK TO THE RESERVATION LOOKING LIKE THIS



YOU WOULD NEVER DREAM, TO SEE THIS PROUD, ARISTOCRATIC COUPLE ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH ON A WINTER MORNING.



— THAT LAST SUMMER AT THE SEA-SHORE THEY LOOKED LIKE THIS.



YOU WOULD NEVER DREAM, TO SEE THIS WOMAN ENJOYING THE PEACEFUL SIMPLICITY OF HER HOME.



— THAT SHE WOULD DON A PAIR OF BLOOMERS AND GO SCORCHING WITH THE BOYS.